



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

*Engraved from a painting by Sir Allan Ramsay, R.S.A. The original portrait was painted in 1765, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The engraving was published by W. Baskett, in 1766, and is one of the most beautiful and accurate representations of the Queen that has been published.*

Bell's  
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For FEBRUARY, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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*The First Number.*

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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

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THE laws of this kingdom, which have forbidden the marriage of any of the Princes of the blood royal with subjects, have frequently been censured as severe and unnatural. A prohibition of this kind, it was thought, could scarcely be founded in good policy, which interfered with the natural right of Princes, and in respect to their exercise on the material point of domestic happiness, reduced them below the standard of their fellow-subjects, and made their exaltation a matter of compassion. To this it may be replied, that the most difficult, but necessary task of Princes, is that of a devotion to the state: they are the creatures of its interest and safety. The marriage of a Prince with a subject, in the reign of *Edward IV.* was the cause of much public calamity. If such marriages were allowed, it would be reasonable to conclude that the selection would be made from some of the daughters of the nobles of the kingdom. The consequence would be that of a natural preference in the Sovereign of the family and connexions of his wife; and hence a fruitful source of jealousy and discord among the rest of the nobility.

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Again, should the Prince resort to a connexion in the more inferior ranks of the state, the jealousy of the rest of his subjects, from natural causes, would be more inflamed and unappeasable. If these inferences be true, as they respect the marriage of the Sovereign, they are equally so as they regard the marriages of his issue, or any of his family. It is the wisdom of laws to be occupied in long and comprehensive views, and not only to suit their remedies to cases immediately before them, but to all that are contingent and in the scope of possibility. Since, therefore, the issue of a Monarch, and commonly every branch of his family, is in the line of succession, and it would be difficult to say which of them might not eventually be called to the crown, the law has provided that the restriction should extend to all, and that none, who had a probability of inheriting, should, under any circumstances, or at any time of life, form a connexion incompatible with the safety and honour of the kingdom, as declared by the laws of the realm.

These observations, we flatter ourselves,

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will not be deemed superfluous, when the conclusion we mean to draw, that of the preference of a foreign connexion, is confirmed by the tranquillity, happiness, and gratitude which the nation has ever felt and expressed from the marriage of his gracious Majesty *George the Third* with the Princess *Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz*.

Her Majesty, *Sophia Charlotte*, or *Caroline of Mecklenburgh Strelitz*, was born May 16, 1744. She was the youngest daughter of *Charles Lewis*, brother to *Frederick the Third*, Duke of Mecklenburgh. Her father, however, though in the immediate line of inheritance, as his brother the reigning Duke had no issue, and was unmarried, did not succeed to the principality: he died before his brother, and thus, upon the death of *Frederick*, the succession devolved upon his nephew, *Adolphus Frederick the Fourth*, brother to her present Majesty, and son of the above-mentioned *Charles Lewis*.

The issue of *Charles Lewis* were:

1. *Christina Sophia Albertina*, born December 6, 1735.
2. *Adolphus Frederick the Fourth*, born May 5, 1738. Deceased.
3. *Charles Lewis Frederick* (the present Duke of Mecklenburgh), born Oct. 10, 1741.
4. *Ernest Gottlob Albert*, born August 27, 1742.
5. *Sophia Charlotte*, or *Caroline* (her present Majesty the Queen of Great Britain), born May 16, 1744.

6. *George Augustus*, born Aug. 3, 1748.

The mother of this illustrious family, who died so far back as the year 1761, was the Princess *Albertina Elizabeth*, born August 13, 1713, the daughter of *Ernest Frederick*, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen.

The obligations which we owe to the native country of her gracious Majesty, require us to give a brief account of the duchy and family of Mecklenburgh.

This country, which is about 120 miles in length, and 30 in breadth, is bounded on the north by the Black Sea; by *Brandenburgh* on the east; by *Luneburgh* and *Brandenburgh* on the south; and by *Holstein* on the west. Its ancient inhabitants were the Vandals, who had settled in this country many centuries before the birth of Christ. They formed it into a powerful kingdom,

and preserved its title and dignity till 1163, when the Monarch, *Pribislaus the Second*, was compelled to embrace the Christian religion by *Henry Lyon, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria*. At this period the title of King of the Vandals was extinguished, and that of the Princes of Mecklenburgh substituted, who became a vassal to the Duke of Bavaria. In 1349, the Prince of Mecklenburgh was created a Duke, and made a Prince of the Empire. The remnant of the Vandals united with the Mecklenburghers about the year 1749, and from that period they have been divided into three branches, that of *Gustrow*, *Swerin*, and *Strelitz*; but the extinction of the branch of *Gustrow* in 1688, excited some differences with respect to the succession, which continued till 1701, when a treaty of partition was made at *Hamburgh*, and ratified by the Emperor in the following manner: That the duchy of *Gustrow* should be given to the Duke of *Swerin*; and that the Duke of *Strelitz* should have the bishopric of *Ratzeburgh* secularized, and a voice in the Diet of the Empire. The Duke of *Swerin's* annual revenue amounts to 55,000*l.* and that of the Duke of *Strelitz* to 22,000*l.* besides his domain. The country is fruitful; but unhealthy, and intensely cold in winter. It has often been the scene of war, particularly between Sweden and the Empire. To be thus visited with the effects of a quarrel which they have not provoked, is the lot of many of the smaller principalities of Germany. The country is able to raise a considerable body of troops, but they have never been strong enough to resist an invader. The established religion of the country is Lutheran; but there is toleration for sectaries. *Imhoff*, in his *Notitia Principes Germania*, gives a laboured account of the genealogy of the family of *Strelitz*, which he says is lineally descended from the kings or leaders of the Vandals. *Hubner*, in his *Genealogy of the German Princes*, says, this family, if not the most ancient in Europe, is one of the most noble in Germany. The branch of *Strelitz* is the second branch of the House of Mecklenburgh; but its Duke is one of the secular Princes of the Empire, and takes his seat in the Diet.

Thus much we have judged necessary to state of the country and family of her Ma-

jesty. In respect to her union with our august Sovereign, it will be deemed sufficient to add, that it was not a matter of mere state policy, but of preference and election. His Majesty had not long filled the throne, before he acquainted his council, in a meeting convened for the express purpose, "that having nothing so much at heart as the welfare and happiness of his people, and that to render the same stable and permanent to posterity, being the first object of his reign, he had, ever since his accession to the throne, turned his thoughts to the choice of a Princess, with whom he might find the solace of matrimony and the comforts of domestic life: he had to announce to them, therefore, with great satisfaction, that, after the most mature reflection and fullest information, he had come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess *Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz*, a Princess distinguished by every amiable virtue and elegant endowment, whose illustrious line had constantly shewn the firmest zeal in the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to his Majesty's family."

Such were nearly the precise words in which his Majesty announced his royal intention to his council, on the 8th of July, 1761. The negotiation commenced at *Strelitz*, and the Earl of *Harcourt*, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, concluded the treaty of marriage on the 15th of August following. Preparations were immediately made for the reception of the Royal Bride in England. She left *Mecklenburgh* on the 22d of August, and arrived, after a tedious voyage of ten days, at *Harwich*, on the 6th of the following month. Her Majesty rested one night, that of her arrival, upon her journey, at the house of the Earl of *Abercorn*, at *Witham*, in *Essex*, from whence she set out early the next morning, and arrived at the palace of *St. James's*, where she was received by his Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family. At nine upon the same evening, the marriage was performed by the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, in the Royal Chapel.

It would occupy too much room, and conduce little to the pleasure and improvement of our readers, were we to detail the ceremonies which took place up-

on the marriage and coronation of her Majesty.

Such as are curious upon these points, will find them by a reference to the periodical works of those times; but we are not fond of the labour of transcription, which has little dignity, and occupies much space. The usual congratulatory addresses were presented to their Majesties from both Houses of Parliament, the two universities, and all the counties, cities, and corporations in the kingdom. The grand assembly of the nation prepared likewise a testimony of their duty and munificence. On being formally acquainted with the marriage of the King, they provided for the support of her Majesty, agreeably to the Sovereign's wishes, a jointure of 100,000*l.* per annum, which was settled upon her by an act of the legislature, together with the palaces of *Richmond Old Park* and *Somerset House*.

But if the joy of the nation was thus universal upon the connection which his Majesty had graciously formed, how much was it increased in the following year by the birth of an heir to his throne. The hope of continuing the Protestant succession in his Majesty's family was now changed to a kind of certainty, and the birth of an heir was of itself sufficient to have established the popularity of a Queen of England, even had she wanted those many virtues and qualities which her Majesty is so well known to possess.

It has been the pride of her Majesty's life to conduct herself with a mild but dignified impartiality with respect to those political differences with which the kingdom has so frequently been agitated. Her name has never been brought up in the most acrimonious controversies of party; she has never been suspected of being open to any intrigue or influence, in order to sway the royal mind, either to the admission of one or the rejection of another. At the time of the regency, the duties of watching over the bed of our beloved Sovereign were performed by her Majesty, in a manner which exalted her character for domestic tenderness and conjugal love in the eyes of all Europe. This æra was indeed a period of great domestic sorrow to the Queen, and no less of public strife and furious party contention. But in this try-



ing moment, the conduct of the Queen was at once amiable and dignified. The care of the King's health occupied every thought and wish; she scarcely absented herself from the sick chamber of her husband, and was deaf to every overture that was made her, as well from one party as the other. She left to the ministers who then directed the government, to pursue that line of conduct which gratitude, humanity, and the law of the land, pointed out to them, and expressing that her chief concern was the care of the King's person and health, it was provided that she should have been entrusted exclusively with that important charge, had the regency taken place.

In both houses of parliament, at that period, the name of the Queen was always mentioned with affection and reverence; and whilst the public largely participated in her domestic afflictions, they did the most ample justice to her prudence and resignation.

To be known only by the rare excellence of her domestic virtues, to be conspicuous among the matrons of a kingdom by a superior conjugal fidelity, and a more amiable tenderness; to be at once the most exalted in rank, and no less exalted in goodness, is the greatest pride of her present *Majesty*. Virtues of this class are seldom expected from high rank and birth; and when found in a Queen, our admiration and reverence are equally excited.

No one has ever placed a more bright, unostentatious example before the eyes of a people. Here, where all eyes are naturally attracted by the power and splendour of royalty, an example is presented of all those amiable and useful virtues, which the gay look down upon with indifference, and the proud with contempt. We there behold the partner of our beloved Sovereign bestowing grace, whilst she improves the happiness of his exalted station: we there behold him in his domestic retreat, and in the bosom of his family; and in the universal wish for the happiness of the Father of his People, we feel no envy, however pure and refined it is, above that of our common lot.

Her *Majesty's* time has been chiefly occupied in the performance of that first of domestic duties, the superintendence of the education of her children. In the graceful

and splendid accomplishments of life, her *Majesty* yields to none: she is a most thorough mistress of music, and has a chaste execution in that delightful science. Her dancing was a theme of admiration upon her first arrival in England; and, indeed, her knowledge of the fine arts collectively, is much superior to what we expect to find in a female of her exalted rank. But she is celebrated for far different and less common merits. Her *Majesty* is a pattern to her subjects for those sublime virtues which are not to be mentioned in the same sentence with the accomplishments we have alluded to above. Her character for piety, and a strict performance of religious duties, is well known. This, which forms the brightest gem of female virtue, is most conspicuous in the Queen. It distinguished her early years; it fortified her mind in those days in which she was courted by all the seductive splendour and dissipation of a court; and, as her youth passed off, it has settled into a regular and noble fervour. If her *Majesty* has ever taken any part in the questions which have often divided this kingdom upon matters of religion (though we know not that she ever took any), we should not hesitate to pronounce that her inclination was strongly in favour of the Established Church. Her *Majesty* has always expressed an attachment for the Clergy of this kingdom, and many, by the means of her patronage, always exercised moderately and with great discrimination, have ascended to the highest dignities. Several works of a religious nature have likewise been patronised by the Queen, and a work upon the Christian Religion has been recently translated from the German at her express command.

It would be unnecessary to pursue this article further. We shall close, therefore, with expressing a wish, that as this example, both for the high and low of these kingdoms, has been bestowed by the special favour of Providence, so it is to be hoped, that the bounty which gave, will not speedily take away; and that her *Majesty* may live long, in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, we believe to be one of the most sincere and universal prayers of all her subjects.

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## THE MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND:

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

*To which is added, a correct Likeness of that Lady in her Court Dress of Jan. 8, 1806.*

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ANNE, the present Marchioness of Townshend, was the youngest daughter of *William Montgomery*, Esq. afterwards created a Baronet. Her family was originally Scotch, though settled in Ireland. *Mr. Montgomery* was a gentleman of an ancient and honourable house, without any considerable fortune, but a man well esteemed and received in the polite world. Previously to his daughter's marriage, he was an army agent in Dublin. *Sir William Montgomery* had four children, *Elizabeth*, *Barbara*, *Anne*, and the late unfortunate Colonel *Montgomery*, who was killed in a duel with Captain *Macnamara*.

The three Miss *Montgomerys* were the toasts of *Ireland* from their earliest introduction into the fashionable world. They were amiable and engaging, educated with the utmost propriety and attention; and

were so accomplished in all exterior and intellectual qualifications, and so attractive and interesting in their persons, manners, and demeanour, that they received the name of the *three Graces*.

The first acquaintance of the present Marchioness of *Townshend* with the noble Marquis her husband, arose when his Lordship held the high office of Viceroy of *Ireland*. It was here that he first beheld Miss *Montgomery*, and became enamoured of her; his attachment was speedily followed by an offer of his hand, and he married her, May 19th, 1773. Her sisters were not less fortunate in contracting splendid alliances. *Barbara* was married to the Hon. Mr. *Beresford*, of the family of the Marquis of *Waterford*; and *Elizabeth* to the first Viscount *Mountjoy*. It may not be superfluous to mention here,



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*The Marchioness of Townshend in her full Court dress worn by her Ladyship  
on the Queens Birthday 1789*

*London published at the Old Prints, for Bell's Court St. to Honorable, Lady Anne, March 1788*



that the attractions of these amiable sisters made an equal impression upon the English and the Irish Courts. If we mistake not, Sir *Joshua Reynolds* has exhibited them in a picture, as the *three Graces* crowning the statue of *Hymen*.

Upon the first introduction of the Marchioness into the splendid circle of the English Court, she was no less admired for the graces of her person, than for those many amiable qualities of the heart, by which she gave dignity to her rank, and diffused happiness around her. Being of an enlarged and liberal mind, and of an education which had given her the strongest sense of religious and domestic duties, she was not qualified for that dissipation and pursuit of pleasure which is so conspicuous in the rest of our nobility, and more particularly in those who are unexpectedly elevated to high rank and dignified station.

Her discretion, equally with her taste, led her to prefer a life of retirement, which at this time was peculiarly suited to the fortune of the Marquis. They lived at his Lordship's seat, at Raynham, in Norfolk, for many years, in the enjoyment of a most pure domestic felicity. But at this time we are sorry to add that the scene was somewhat overclouded by an extraordinary depression of spirits which took place in the Marquis, arising from a straitness of circumstances, and the increasing demands of a very young and numerous family. At this period, however, Providence seemed to smile upon their conjugal virtues and endearments by bestowing a considerable accession of fortune from the death of numerous relatives and friends. It will not be deemed flattery to observe, that the admirable conduct of the Marchioness had secured her several strong and powerful attachments among many who were not within the circle of her own immediate connections. It was to these that the Marquis was chiefly indebted for

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that increase of fortune which has since made their domestic arrangements, not only comfortable, but splendid.

Among those whose friendship and admiration the Marchioness had attracted by her virtues and amiable qualities, we think it but justice to mention Mr. *Devaynes*, who bequeathed her a considerable legacy, and expressed in his will, that he left it as "a token of his esteem, and a mark of his admiration of her exemplary conduct, both as a wife and a mother, in superior station."

Upon the marriage of her Royal Highness the *Princess of Wales*, the Marchioness of *Townshend* was appointed Mistress of the Robes, a situation which she still holds.

Her Ladyship has a numerous and most beautiful family; *Anne*, the eldest, was born Feb. 1, 1775, married to *Harrington Hudson, Esq.*; *Charlotte*, born March 17, 1776, married August 9, 1797, to his Grace the Duke of *Leeds*; *Honoraria Maria*, born July 6, 1777; *William*, born September 5, 1778; *Harriet*, born April 20, 1782; *James Nugent Boyle Bernardo*, born September 11, 1785.

Her Ladyship, though from her particular office frequently called to attend the Court, is still devoted to a life of domestic retirement and seclusion. Her time is chiefly occupied in the most tender and affectionate solitudes for the health and comforts of the Marquis, who is now considerably declined in the vale of years. *Raynham Hall*, however, is still the seat of an elegant and dignified hospitality; and the poor and distressed of a most populous neighbourhood are liberally supplied by the kind and extensive charities of the Marchioness. We shall conclude this slight sketch by observing, that a more brilliant and perfect example of virtue in high life, cannot be proposed to our female readers.

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*J. W. Brachay pinx.*

*Severin sculp.*

*Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

### ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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#### The Second Number.

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#### HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

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CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH, the present Princess of Wales, and wife of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, was born May 17, 1768. She is the second daughter of the present Duke of Brunswick, of the Electoral line of Hanover, and, of consequence, closely connected before her marriage with the Royal Family of Great Britain.

The following genealogical account of her Royal Highness will explain her connection with the Royal Family of England, and is sufficiently ample for our purpose:—

Frederick-Lewis, late Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, was born on January 30, 1707. Married, April 27, 1736, Augusta, daughter of Frederick II. Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and great aunt to the present Duke; by whom (who died Feb. 8, 1772) he had the following issue; and died March 20, 1751, during the lifetime of his father.

*First*, Augusta, born July 31, 1737; married to the present Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, Jan. 17, 1764, by whom she had issue three sons, viz. *first*, Charles-George-Augustus, born Feb. 8, 1766; married, Oct. 14, 1790, Frederica-Louisa-Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Stadtholder; *second*, George-William-Christian, born June 27, 1769; *third*, William-Frederick, born Oct. 9, 1771: and three daughters;

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*first*, Charlotte-Georgiana-Augusta, the eldest, born Dec. 3, 1764; married, Oct. 11, 1780, Frederick-William, now Duke of Wirtemberg-Stuttgart, lately created King of Wirtemberg by the Emperor of the French, (by whom she had two sons and a daughter), and died in 1791. The present Duke of Wirtemberg is brother to the Empress of Russia: he was born on Nov. 7, 1754; and on May 18, 1797, married, *secondly*, to Charlotte-Augusta-Matilda, Princess Royal of England: second daughter, Carolina-Amelia-Elizabeth, born May 17, 1768, was married, April 8, 1795, to her cousin, the Prince of Wales, and has issue Charlotte-Carolina-Augusta, born January 7th, 1796.

In the short sketch which we propose to give of her Royal Highness, it might be difficult to confine ourselves altogether within those limits which respect for her exalted character and rank would prescribe, and at the same time to produce an account which should convey interest and instruction. We shall therefore extract from the writings of a German traveller, who was intimately acquainted with her Royal Highness, such an account as will endear her to all those subjects whom she is destined to reign over in future.

The following extract is from Travels in England, in the year 1803, by Joachim Henry Campe. It is proper to observe,



that these Travels have never appeared in any English translation.

Speaking of the richness of the soil, and the other sources of prosperity of England, the author proceeds as follows:—

“What principally contributes to the promotion of agriculture in England is the general and well founded esteem in which that most beneficial of all human occupations is held in that country. The first Peer of the realm, the Nobility of every rank, even the King himself, do not consider it beneath their dignity to become attentive and industrious farmers. Ladies of the highest rank engage in the avocations of rural and domestic economy, by which they require the respect both of their own countrymen and of all enlightened foreigners.”

Thus, for example, the Princess of Wales.

“When I was at her residence at Blackheath, she had the condescension to conduct me to a garden at some distance, which she has principally laid out herself, and which she superintends, in such a complete sense of the word, that no person must presume to do any thing in it but what she herself directs. I admired the beautiful order and the careful cultivation even of the most insignificant spot; the judicious combination of the useful with the agreeable, which appeared so delightful wherever I cast my eyes. I was charmed with the neat borders of flowers between which we passed, and was doubly rejoiced to find them so small; because, as the Princess remarked, too much room ought not to be taken from the useful vegetables merely for the purpose of pleasing the eye. I was transported with the elegance, taste, and convenience displayed in the pavilion, in which the dignified owner, who furnished the plan and the directions for every part of it, has solved the problem, how a building of but two floors, on a surface of about eighteen feet square, could be constructed and arranged in such a manner that a small family, capable of limiting its desires, might find in it a habitation equally beautiful, tasteful, and commodious. The manner in which this has been effected, deserves, in my opinion, the notice and admiration of professed architects.

“After my Royal Guide had shewn me

her favourite spot, a small and extremely simple seat, placed in the corner of the garden, overshadowed by two or three honeysuckles, the branches of which are bent in such a manner that one of the finest prospects which this place commands opens to the view as through a window,—she invited me to survey the most important part of her grounds. I manifested some surprise, conceiving that I had seen every thing. The lovely Princess smiled, and conducted me to a considerable tract covered with vegetables, composing the farther and largest portion of this remarkable garden. ‘This,’ said she, ‘is my principal concern. Here I endeavour to acquire the honourable name of a farmer, and that, as you see, not merely in jest. The vegetables, which I raise here in considerable quantity are carried to town and sold. The produce amounts annually to a handsome sum.’

“You will probably guess to what purpose this handsome sum is applied. Or, shall I let you a little more into the secret of the active and benevolent life which the future Queen of the first and most powerful nation in the world here leads in a simple country house, which is in fact not so large as that of a petty German Baron? Well then, be it so; I will even run the risk of incurring her anger, in case she should ever be informed of my treachery. My heart is too full to resist the impetuosity with which it attempts to discharge itself.

“Know then that this accomplished young Princess leads in this modest mansion a life so useful, so active, so virtuous, that I might challenge the most celebrated philosopher, in a like situation, to surpass her. She has no court, no officers of state, no chamberlains, no maids of honour, &c. because she has no occasion for them here; but she is occasionally visited by a couple of female friends, who are not so merely in name,—the very intelligent and worthy Mrs. Fitzgerald and her amiable daughter. Her whole long forenoon, that is, from six in the morning till seven in the evening, is devoted to business, to reading and writing, to the cultivation of different arts; for instance, music, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, gardening, and to—education.

"My last word, I see, staggers you; because it is so extremely unusual to see persons of princely rank occupy themselves with an employment, which cannot have any charms for persons who have a taste only for the pleasures and amusements of a court. But you will be still more surprised when I add, that it is not the young and hopeful Princess, her *daughter*, whom she educates, but eight or nine poor orphan children, to whom she has the condescension to supply the place of a mother. Her own is the child of the State, and, according to the constitution of the country, must not, alas! be educated by herself. These poor children, on the other hand, are boarded by her with honest people in the neighbourhood; she herself not only directs every thing relative to their education and instruction, but sends every day to converse with them, and thus contribute towards the formation of their infant minds. Never while I live, shall I forget the charming, the affecting scene, which I had the happiness of witnessing, when the Princess was pleased to introduce to me her little foster-children. We were sitting at table; the Princess and her friends were at breakfast; but I, in the German fashion, was taking my dinner. The children appeared clothed in the cleanest, but at the same time in the simplest manner, just as the children of country people are in general dressed. They seemed perfectly ignorant of the high rank of their foster-mother, or rather not to comprehend it. The sight of a stranger somewhat abashed them; but their bashfulness soon wore off, and they appeared to be perfectly at home. Their dignified benefactress conversed with them in a lively, jocose, and truly maternal manner. She called to her first one, and then another, and among the rest a little boy, five or six years old, who had a sore upon his face. Many a parent of too delicate nerves would not have been able to look at her own child in this state without an unpleasant sensation. Not so the Royal Mother of these orphans. She called the boy to her, gave him a biscuit, looked at his face, to see whether it got any better, and manifested no repugnance when the grateful infant pressed her hand to his bosom.

"What this wise Royal Instructress said to me on this occasion, is too deeply impressed upon my memory to be erased. 'People find fault with me,' said she, 'for not doing more for these children, after I have once taken them under my care; I ought, in their opinion, to provide them with more elegant and costly clothes, to keep masters of every kind for them, that they may once make a figure as persons of refined education. However, I only laugh at their censure, for I know what I am about. It is not my intention to raise these children into a rank superior to that in which they are placed; in that rank I mean them to remain, and to become useful, virtuous, and happy members of society. The boys are destined to become expert seamen, and the girls skilful, sensible, industrious house-wives,—nothing more. I have them instructed in all that is really serviceable for either of these destinations; but every thing else is totally excluded from the plan of education which I have laid down for them. Those who are acquainted with the splendour of the higher classes, and have reflected upon it, will beware of snatching children from the more happy condition of inferior rank, for the purpose of raising them into the former, in despite of Providence and natural destination.'

"Such is the wise and philanthropic manner in which this admirable Princess, in the flower of her age, passes one day after another. Towards evening, a very small company, of not more than three or four persons, assembles at her house to dine with her; and fortunately ceremony does not oblige her to pay regard in her selection to any other recommendation than merit. It is only on Court-days, when the Royal Family assemble, that she goes to town, or to Windsor, to complete the dignified circle of which she is such a distinguished ornament. To the Theatres, and other places of amusement of the fashionable world, her Royal Highness is a stranger. Since she came to England, she has only been twice to the play, and that was soon after her arrival. This, which of itself is an extraordinary circumstance, will be considered a great sacrifice by those who know the uncommon love and respect which is cherished by people



of all ranks for their future Queen, and consequently need not be told, that she renounces a triumph as often as she withdraws from public view.

"She devotes one day in the week to her own daughter, the Princess Charlotte, who comes to see her, and spends the day with her. There is nothing to prevent her from enjoying this gratification oftener, for the child must be brought to her whenever she pleases. For wise reasons, however, she denies herself and her daughter the more frequent repetition of a pleasure, of which both of them are every day ardently desirous. 'If,' said she, 'I were to have the child with me every day, I should be obliged sometimes to speak to her in a tone of displeasure, and even of severity. She would then have less affection for me, and what I said to her would make less impression upon her heart. As it is, we remain in some measure new to each other; at each of her visits I have occasion to shew her love and tenderness, and the consequence is, that the child is attached to me with all her soul, and not a word I say to her fails of producing the desired effect.'

"I was myself an eye-witness of the truth of this. Such tender attachment, and such fervent love as this child, only seven years old, manifests to her Royal Mother, is assuredly seldom seen in persons of that rank. Her eyes are incessantly fixed on the beautiful countenance of her tender mother; and what eyes! Never, in a child of her age, have I beheld eyes so expressive, so soft, so penetrating. The first time she cast them on me she seemed as though she would penetrate my soul. The most experienced observer of mankind cannot scrutinize more severely a person of whom he wishes to form a speedy judgment. For the rest, neither her dress nor her behaviour afford the least room to suspect her high destination. The former is so simple, and the latter so natural and unaffected, that were you to see her in any other place, without knowing her, you would scarcely take her for the heiress of a throne. In every dress, and in every place, however, the attentive observer would easily discover her to be an extraordinary child. The Royal Artist, her mother, has made a model of her, and of

several other persons who are dear to her, in clay, and afterwards taken from them plaster casts, which are most perfect resemblances. In acquiring that art, this accomplished Princess pursued a manner of her own. Instead of working, as usual, a long time from models, she merely procured instruction in the use of the tools; her fancy then formed, from the detached traits of a poem, the representation of an imaginary person, and she began to compose the figure without any copy. The subject of her first essay was the *Leonora* of Burger's celebrated Ballad; her second, was the head of an old Lord, whose name I have forgotten; and the third was her daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

"This reminds me of another piece of work by the hand of this Royal Artist, which I had likewise an opportunity of inspecting, and which appeared to me equally beautiful and ingenious. In passing through her work-room (where, besides a choice collection of books, and all kinds of implements of the arts, you see a large table covered with papers, writings, drawings, and books), she took the trouble to direct my attention to a very handsome table, and asked me what I conceived it to be. Without a moment's hesitation, I declared it was inlaid, or, as it is called, Mosaic work, and that it was an excellent specimen of the art. She smiled, and said, that could not be, as she, who knew nothing of Mosaic work, had made it herself, and in a few hours. 'It is nothing more,' added her Royal Highness, 'than a square of ground glass, on which I have fastened with gum different kinds of natural flowers, which were first carefully dried and pressed, and then turned the glass with the smooth side uppermost, to produce the illusion by which you were just now deceived. The whole art, or rather the trifling degree of trouble, which this easy operation requires, consists merely in the choice of the situation which must be given to each flower, so that one may be properly connected with the others, and that as small a vacancy as possible may remain between them.' As the glass would not, however, be completely covered, I suppose (for unluckily I forget to inquire) that the intervals are

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stained with colours; so as to give them the appearance of stone.

“By means of this pleasing artifice she has made a Chinese lamp for one of her other apartments, which, like those of coloured glass or thin alabaster, diffuses a very mild light.

“A second table in her work room, which appears to be composed of every possible species of marble, is, what I never should have guessed without being told,—nothing more than a square of ground glass, which, on the under side, is painted in such a manner, that the spectator cannot help taking the whole for specimens of all the species of marble joined together and inlaid. In each corner a small copper-plate of some antique figure is stuck; of course,

on the reverse of the square, which completes the deception.

“You must, my friend, have no sense of what is fair, and great, and lovely, if I should have occasion to apologize for this little digression into which I have been involuntarily led. Your heart, which is ever open to all that is virtuous and excellent, must, I know, receive equal pleasure with my own, from these particulars of the wise and benevolent system of life, which a Princess, destined for the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland, has prescribed for herself, and pursued for so many years with a fortitude and a perseverance which seem to exceed the powers of her sex.”

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS SOPHIA of GLOUCESTER.

*Engraved by J. G. Kneller from the original portrait by G. Kneller.  
as the artist's copy of a picture by G. Kneller.*

Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1806.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Third Number.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SOPHIA MATILDA, Princess of Gloucester, is the daughter of the late William Henry Duke of Gloucester: she was born May 29, 1773. The family of his Royal Highness the late Duke was,

1. Sophia Matilda, born as above.
2. Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774; died March 14th in the following year.
3. William Frederick, the present Duke, born at Rome, January 15, 1776.

It is the most pleasing part of our labour, in the slight Biographical Sketches in which we are engaged, that when we are summoned to fix attention upon exalted rank, an opportunity is at the same time afforded us of doing justice to the virtue that adorns it, and proposing as examples those who are naturally looked up to as superiors in station, and whose

pre-eminence in virtue thus entitles them to a double distinction.

Example, whether of good or bad, originates principally with high rank. The great are the guardians of the morals of the low. The vices of inferior conditions are but too often the reflection of those that infest the highest. But as the great have a double crime to answer for in their vices, so, on the contrary, have their virtues a weight and authority which does not belong to their inferiors. If society feels the shock of their vices, it is equally nourished and ameliorated by their virtues.

It is the just pride of England, and the fairest boast of our national morals, that when we look to the summit of rank and high station, we find it tipt with the brightest radiance of purity and virtue. Where all eyes are attracted by envy and



curiosity, they are detained by admiration and reverence; and it is assuredly no adulation to say, that the female branch of the present Royal Family exhibits individually, and without one single exception, the brightest patterns of public and private virtue.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia

of Gloucester has kept an equal pace with her Royal cousins in the cultivation of every virtue and feminine accomplishment; she is to be distinguished for the same noble modesty of demeanour, the same benevolence and affability, the same preference of retirement and domestic life.

## THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE public, and the world of fashion, have lately had occasion to regret the loss of a lady no less distinguished by her rank than her virtues,—for virtues which, amidst all the seductions of high life and splendid fortune, remained steadfast and unsullied, and which, without being contaminated by pride, or shaken by temptation, accompanied her from her first entrance into life to its final close, and gave that lustre to her rank, and influence to her example, that the world may be truly said to have sustained a loss, almost irreparable, by her decease.

Georgiana Cavendish, the late Duchess of Devonshire, was the eldest daughter of the late John Earl Spencer, and sister to the present Lord. Her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, now living, was descended from the ancient family of Poyntz.

Her Grace was born June 7th 1757. She was educated chiefly under the eye of her mother, a lady whom it is unnecessary to commend; her character was truly that of an English matron; a noble chastity of mind, and simplicity of conduct, were united to a sound and well cultivated understanding, and her whole character was refined and exalted by a strong sense and devout practice of religious obligations; she was a lady truly exemplary and estimable. She had lived in high life, and embellished the most splendid circles, and without a fastidious disgust of its pleasures and amusements, which she partook of with a delicate, temperate, and discriminate taste, she had the resolution to with-

draw from them in the maturity of youth and beauty, and devote her whole care to the education of her family. A character of this kind, so rare in high life, should not pass without its just praise; and as we have long marked the mild, the unaffected, the resigned, and pious decline of this amiable lady into the vale of years, we have a gratification peculiarly exquisite, in paying this tribute of praise so justly due to her, and holding her out as an example to her sex, of a woman who knows how to grow old with grace, and improve life to the moment of its close.

Under the superintendence of such an instructress, her Grace received a bias of character which she never lost. Early formed to a habit of the virtues of her mother, she reflected her conduct in her own, and never losing the sight or copy of the original, filial reverence and virtuous ardour contributed to make her emulous of an equal excellence. Her sister, Henrietta Frances, the present Countess of Besborough, who was some years younger than her Grace, was no less accomplished in the same school, and with qualities equally shining and promising with those of her sister, she united the same emulation of her mother's example.

Her Grace was scarcely ushered into public life, when the lustre of her beauty, and the fame of her accomplishments, procured her the general notice and admiration of the world. With the merit of personal charms, in which she had few competitors, she united the substance of nobler accomplishments which, in these days of

frivolity and artifice, are seldom seen but in the exterior. It was no wonder, therefore, that all eyes were fixed upon her, and many splendid alliances offered. The devours of the Duke of Devonshire were finally successful, and she was scarcely turned of her seventeenth year, when she bestowed her hand upon his Grace. The marriage was celebrated June 6, 1774. Being thus at once established in the highest rank, and the most splendid opulence, a star, in the language of our great orator, just beaming above the horizon, and decorating and cheering the elevated sphere in which she moved, it was not to be wondered that she was courted with every kind of adulation, and that it became a kind of fashion to panegygerize and extoll her.

The general character of the Duke was estimable and worthy in a high degree; but he had something of the haughtiness of rank, and pride of exterior, which it became the business of the Duchess to soften towards all who approached him. She succeeded in melting this frigidity, and smoothing the way for the reception of those at Devonshire house who, in a less happy hour, might have been repulsed, or treated with indifference.

The Duchess of Devonshire may be said almost to have produced a revolution in fashionable life. The influence derived from her rank and fortune gave a kind of credit to her example; and elegance and refined luxury succeeded to that gross and inelegant dissipation which had been before so prevalent among the higher orders of the nobility. A kind of arbitress of fashion and of taste, she was approached with a sort of devotion by the votaries of the gay and changeable goddess; and as example is powerful equally for good and bad, it was no less the merit than the fortune of her Grace, to be able to give it a direction to the improvement of exterior decency, and the inculcation of pure morals.

The Duchess had no less affability in her manners than grace and dignity in her demeanour; without the least appearance of pride, and indeed with a most benevolent and conciliating softness, she had still the art to inspire a respect and consciousness of her rank; but this prudent care of

her dignity was without formality or ostentation. She was condescending without meanness, and maintained her rank without imposing restraint.

We have observed that the Duchess of Devonshire now occupied an eminence which attracted the common gaze of the public; and on this slippery pinnacle her virtue kept her steadfast, and envy had no food for gratification. Though the world conspired in her adulation, and wits became rivals in her praise, she passed through the most dangerous and fiery ordeal, that of an unrivalled, unalloyed, and flattered prosperity, with a most noble and unaffected modesty; to resist the temptation of public panegyric is given but to few, her Grace, however, was of the elect.

To say that she presided in the minor provinces of fashion, that she gave a fashion to a cap, or to a gown, that she regulated the elegance of costume, and bestowed her name upon almost every ornament of female dress, as the means of giving it fashion and currency, would be to award her but a small tribute of the public fame which is due to her; it was in the higher departments of fashion that her Grace presided. It was her just pride to have given a kind of style and sentiment to manners; to have mingled that kind of benevolence with politeness, as to make it that virtue in reality of which it is only the semblance.

Naturally inclined to society, and of a disposition full of gaiety and fancy, her Grace threw open the doors of Devonshire-house to people of character, rank, and talents, of every description. At this general *rendezvous*, as might be imagined, politics and party were found, but eminence obtained in the more quiet and humble walks of literary ambition was not excluded. Her Grace was enthusiastically devoted to the fine arts. She handled the pencil with spirit, delicacy, and science, and in her compositions of the pen, her merits were not inferior.

Amongst those who were chiefly attracted to Devonshire-house by the merits of the young Duchess, were Burke, Fox, Barre, Burgoyne, and the parliamentary leaders of the Rockingham, at that time the Opposition party. With this party the Duke of Devonshire was at that period connected, and the Duchess, who was re-



garded as the great patroness of the sect, became from that moment a zealous advocate of the Whigs. It is but justice to say, that her consistency in the approbation of these principles, and her friendship for their great champion Mr. Fox, continued rooted in her mind to the very day of her decease; and it will certainly be lamented by the public, as it has been lamented, and with no common sensibility, by him who was the chief object of her political admiration, that she was lost to the cause at the very moment of its triumph; that she lived to see it get into port, but no more.

We have observed, that the amiable quality of benevolence, which was the strongest trait in the character of the Duchess of Devonshire, was exercised in a wide extent of patronage, and with that excess of liberality which, in some manner, embarrassed her private stock of fortune, and led to pecuniary difficulties. Scarcely any adventurer in literature, whose fortune or genius had not placed him above want, but who applied and was relieved. She had a kind of passion for this sort of patronage which exposed her to numerous impositions; but she seemed to have laid it down as an unerring maxim, that literary poverty should never go unrelied.

To this indiscriminate generosity towards the sons and daughters of genius, we are, nevertheless, indebted for the introduction of some to public notice, who conferred the most distinguished honour upon her patronage and choice.—Among these was the late Mrs. Robinson, the once celebrated Perdita, and Sapho of the present age. In the memoirs of this lady, written by herself, she gives an account so interesting and expressive of character, of her first interview with her patroness, the Duchess of Devonshire, that we shall make no apology to the reader for the extract.

Speaking of her attendance upon Mr. Robinson in confinement, and her preparation of some little poems for publication, she proceeds to say—

“ Having much leisure and many melancholy hours, I again turned my thoughts towards the Muses. I chose *Captivity* for the subject of my pen, and soon composed a quarto poem of some length; it was su-

perior to my former productions; but it was full of defects, replete with weak or laboured lines. I never now read my early compositions without a suffusion on my cheek, which marks my humble opinion of them.

“ At this period I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire was the admirer and patroness of literature; with a mixture of timidity and hope I sent her Grace a neatly bound volume of Poems, accompanied by a short letter apologizing for their defects, and pleading my age as the only excuse for their inaccuracy. My brother, who was a charming youth, was the bearer of my first literary offering at the shrine of nobility. The Duchess admitted him; and with the most generous and amiable sensibility inquired some particulars respecting my situation, with a request that on the following day I would make her a visit.

“ I knew not what to do. Her liberality claimed my compliance; yet, as I had never, during my husband's long captivity, quitted him for half an hour, I felt a sort of reluctance that pained the romantic firmness of my mind, while I meditated what I considered as a breach of my domestic attachment. However, at the particular and earnest request of Mr. Robinson, I consented; and accordingly accepted the Duchess's invitation.

“ During my seclusion from the world I had adapted my dress to my situation. Neatness was at all times my pride; but now plainness was the conformity to necessity: simple habiliments became the abode of adversity; and the plain brown satin gown which I wore on my first visit to the Duchess of Devonshire, appeared to me as strange as a birth-day court-suit to a newly-married citizen's daughter.

“ To describe the Duchess's look and manner when she entered the back drawing-room of Devonshire-house, would be impracticable; mildness and sensibility beamed in her eyes, and irradiated her countenance. She expressed her surprise at seeing so young a person, who had experienced such vicissitude of fortune; she lamented that my destiny was so little proportioned to what she was pleased to term my desert, and with a tear of gentle-sympathy requested that I would accept

proof of her good wishes. I had not words to express my feelings, and was departing, when the Duchess requested me to call on her very often, and to bring my little daughter with me.

"I made frequent visits to the amiable Duchess, and was at all times received with the warmest proofs of friendship. My little girl, to whom I was still a nurse, generally accompanied me, and always experienced the kindest caresses from my admired patroness, my liberal and affectionate friend. Frequently the Duchess inquired most minutely into the story of my sorrows, and as often gave me tears of the most spontaneous sympathy. But, such was my destiny, that while I cultivated the esteem of this best of women, by a conduct which was above the reach of reprobation, my husband, even though I was the partner of his captivity, the devoted slave to his necessities, indulged in the lowest and most degrading intrigues; frequently, during my short absence with the Duchess, for I never quitted the prison but to obey her summons, he was known to admit the most abandoned of their sex; women whose low licentious lives were such as to render them the shame and outcasts of society. These disgraceful meetings were arranged, even while I was in my own apartment, in a next room and by the assistance of an Italian who was also there a captive. I was apprised of the proceeding, and I questioned Mr. Robinson upon the subject. He denied the charge; but I availed myself of an opportunity that offered, and was convinced that my husband's infidelities were both frequent and disgraceful."

The Duchess of Devonshire was not merely celebrated as a patroness of literature; she aspired to court the Muses, and some of her poetical productions may be thought to rank above mediocrity. Her lines upon the bust of Mr. Fox have ever been distinguished for simplicity and accuracy of character; the little sonnet with which she enriched the "Travels of Mungo Park in Africa," has a softness and nature which does honour to her muse; and her address to her children in the "Passage of Mount St. Gothard in Switzerland," exhibits powers of description, fancy, judgement, and selection,

which would have conferred honour upon any modern female pen.

With an extract from this poem we shall close our account of her Grace.

We have observed the early partiality of the Duchess of Devonshire for Mr. Fox and the principles of the Whigs. At the dissolution of the coalition parliament, when that distinguished statesman was opposed, in his canvass for Westminster, by the whole influence of the Court, her Grace manifested the strongest interest in his success, and condescended to every exertion of personal solicitation and influence to secure him in his seat. The election satyrists at that time did not spare this personal interference of the Duchess, but whilst her virtue repelled every insinuation, her good humour was fully equal to support every attack.

Amongst those who manifested the most friendly attachment to her Grace, and whose regard commenced with her first dawn in public life, and never diminished till its close, was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; warmly attached to her from the benevolence and noble qualities of her heart, there was yet another cause of attraction in their similarity of external manners and deportment. The same high polish of manners, ease, and affability, distinguished both; a kind of innate grace and courtesy, gave an importance to every trifling act, whether of affection or common ceremony; an ever-active principle of benevolence pervaded their minds; in a word, with the most perfect consciousness of what was due to their rank, they maintained it without any repulsive pride or frigid ceremony; there was nothing of affectation in their condescension; their humility was without meanness or hypocrisy; their dignity had nothing of austerity or hauteur.

Upon her Grace's first appearance as arbitress of fashion and the *Beau monde*, the rage for private theatricals was at its height; the Duchess accordingly presided at the Richmond-House plays. It was here that almost all the wits of the age were congregated, and her Grace took her station, if not amongst the first, yet certainly very far removed from the lowest.

We must not omit to observe, that there was one qualification for which she was



peculiarly celebrated; we allude to her taste in painting. Her works of the pencil far exceed those of her pen, though her ambition coveted renown more from the latter than the former; like the Roman philosopher, no flattery upon her poetical qualities was ever unpalatable to her; whilst commendation of those arts in which she naturally did excel, neither gained her good will or excited her vanity.

Her Grace, notwithstanding her taste for theatrical amusements, was not gifted with those powers of elocution which approached to excellence; she was an amateur, and nothing more.

The Duchess of Devonshire had been married nearly ten years, when her first child, Lady Georgiana Cavendish, the present Viscountess Morpeth, was born. Contrary to the practice of ladies of rank, her Grace resolved to act both the mother and the nurse towards her daughter. General Burgoyne, in his comedy of the *Heiress*, pays her a very elegant compliment upon this act of maternal tenderness.

*Lady Emily*, one of the characters in this piece, alludes to her Grace in the following speech to Miss Alscip, the heroine of the comedy:

"Do you know, madam, there is more than one Duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband, like two doves in a basket in the print of conjugal felicity; and another has been detected—I almost blush to name it.—

*Miss Alscip*. "Bless us, where, and how, and how?"

*Lady Emily*. "In nursing her own child."—

Her Grace's next daughter, Lady Henrietta, was born at the interval of four years from her first child; and William George Cavendish, the Marquis of Hartington, was born about five years afterwards.

Shortly after her marriage, the Duchess of Devonshire had visited the Continent; and in the summer 1792, she once more went abroad, being chiefly induced to undertake this journey from the declining health of two near relations, her mother, Lady Spencer, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, the present Countess of Besborough; Lady Elizabeth Foster was of this party. They visited France and Switzer-

land, and resided some time at *Le Petit Ouchy*, an elegant retreat upon the Lake of *Lausanne*. It was here they became acquainted with the celebrated historian Gibbon, who had taken up his abode in Switzerland for the convenience of his literary studies. Gibbon was at that time putting the finish to his *Roman History*. The tremendous storm of the French Revolution drove them to Great Britain together, and Gibbon ever after found the most liberal welcome and elegant hospitality at Devonshire house.

The career of fashionable life has not much variety or incident; it will be sufficient, therefore, to say, that the Duchess of Devonshire having so long presided in the circles of fashion, began to cherish, during the two or three last years of her life, an inclination to retirement and seclusion. She was principally excited to this by a relaxed and feeble state of health, which had suffered much from the attack of periodical fevers, and a dangerous complaint in the liver. Her Grace had latterly lost the sight of her left eye, which was occasioned by an imprudent exposure to the air, and standing above an hour before an open window, upon her return from a ball, in which she had fatigued herself by dancing. This defect she was ingenious enough to conceal by a dextrous disposition of her hair, and those who were not acquainted with the failing seldom or ever observed it.

Her Grace was much distinguished amongst polite circles for the liberality, elegance, and magnificence of her entertainments; and though cards and deep play would occasionally usurp the midnight hours, in which it is to be feared that the Duchess was accustomed to join with too much indiscretion, her parties were, nevertheless, the most respectable and splendid in town.

From the Duke she received a most liberal allowance of pin-money, from which she, in part, maintained an establishment exclusively her own, and at once fed her charities and extravagances. So mixed and variable is character, that the winnings of the gaming table were sometimes devoted to alms, and what was destined for alms was not unfrequently absorbed by the gaming table.

The principle of saving and economy this lady had not. The quarterly or half yearly allowance was always entrenched upon; the mortgage, however, was wholly to benevolence. Scarcely a tale of woe but found its way to her ear, and all that were heard were relieved. No wonder, therefore, that in this thoughtlessness and extravagance of charity, the debts of justice should either be delayed or forgotten. She knew not how to fashion her mouth to a refusal. The tradesman waited, but the petitioner was relieved; like Charles in the play, her complaint might truly be, that the old *beldam justice* could never keep pace with generosity.

We are now trespassing upon our limits; we must pass, therefore, to the circumstance which deprived the world of this excellent woman.

On Sunday, the 9th of March, a grand dinner, to which the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were invited, was given at the Marquis of Stafford's, in honour of the Fox administration. Her Grace had been languid a few days previous to this entertainment, and was advised by her domestic physician not to go to the party. She conceived it, however, a point of honour, and could not be induced to stay away.

About nine o'clock in the evening she was taken ill, and on her return to Devonshire-house she took to her bed, which she scarcely left again.

Her illness was at first conceived to be an inflammation in the bowels, attended by a fever, and no danger was apprehended. Her Grace was in perfect possession of herself, and had no fear whatever of her dissolution. But on Friday, the 29th, her disorder took a very dangerous turn, and several medical men were called in. Her fever continued to increase, but still she apprehended no danger. On awakening from a short dose, she looked round the room, and perceiving several physicians in attendance, she exclaimed, "Why are you all here, gentlemen; surely you do not think me in any danger?" She was now attended by her mother, the Duke, her sister, and her family, and all hope was given over. At twelve o'clock on Saturday night the physicians left her, without expressing the least hope of seeing her again. The Duke took his final farewell.

Lady Melbourne, her dear and constant friend, remained with her to the last.

At half past two, on Sunday morning, death appeared, and she became insensible; her mother sat at the bed side, where she remained till half past three o'clock, when her Grace expired in the presence of the majority of her family.

After her decease, her body was opened to ascertain the complaint of which she died; the result, however, was not made known to the public. Her Grace was in the 49th year of her age. She was interred at the seat of the Duke, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

Her character may be collected from what we have already said, to which we shall add a summary drawn by a person well acquainted with her merits.—The following are the words of this writer:

"Her Grace was distinguished in early youth for the extreme beauty of her person, and the fascinating elegance of her manners; the former quality was somewhat diminished by frequent ill health, and an inflammation in her eyes, which at length caused an almost total blindness; the latter accomplishment increased with her years, and followed her, unabated, to the grave.

"Her Grace had early imbibed a strong taste for elegant literature, under the instruction of her excellent and accomplished mother, the present Dowager Countess Spencer. This talent she has frequently exercised. But not only as an amateur of literature was this amiable lady to be distinguished, she was one of the most generous patrons and liberal encouragers of genius, particularly in her own sex.—It was to her that the public were indebted for the introduction of the celebrated English Sappho (the deceased Mrs. Robinson) into notice. Her services were always extended to literary merit; and her prodigality, in this respect, produced much private embarrassment.

"Her name was almost always to be seen in every subscription for the assistance of indigent genius; and such was her passion for benevolence and patronage, that she frequently became a dupe to her own charities, and was unmercifully pillaged by the fraudulent and designing.



"Such were her public virtues;—her private qualities were shewn in the education of her children, and her domestic economy. The disease which brought her to the grave was a liver complaint, attended by a fever. She died regretted by a numerous circle of relations and friends, and will be long lamented by many who subsisted on the kindness of her charity and patronage."

It now remains for us to transcribe part of the poem alluded to above, and attributed to her Grace, entitled

### THE PASSAGE

OF THE

### MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.

TO MY CHILDREN.

YE plains, where threefold harvests press the ground,

Ye climes, where genial gales incessant swell,  
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round  
Their rival wonders—*Italy*, farewell.

Still may the year in fullest splendor shine!

Its icy darts in vain may winter throw!

To thee, a parent, sister, I con-sign,

And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd Helvetia's rugged brows I see,

And through their rugged steeps delighted roam:

Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free,  
Whilst every step conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Tesino madly flows,

From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost;

On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,

In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores neat huts and verdant pastures fill,

And hills, where woods of pine the storm defy;

While scorning vegetation, higher still,

Rise the bare rock, coeval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,

Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;

Within a grove, by mountains circled round,

By rocks o'erhung, my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and slow,

Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest,

Sudden, supported by the hills below,

St. Gothard's summit rose above the rest.

'Midst tow'ring cliffs, and tracts of endless cold,

Th' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,

And seems—*Helvetia*! let thy toils be told—

A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of man, the weary trav'ler greets,

No vegetation smiles upon the moor,

Save where the flowret breathes uncul'ur'd sweets,

Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,

Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod,

Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,

Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,

And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,

Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,

And paints the perils of impending snows.

For while bleak winter numbs with chilling hand,

Where frequent crosses mark the trav'ler's fate,

In slow procession moves the merchant band,

And silent treads where tot'ring ruins wait.

Yet 'midst those ridges, 'midst that drifted snow,

Can Nature deign her wonders to display;

Here *Adularia* shines with vivid glow,

And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

Here, too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,

Five silver lakes in tranquil state are seen;

While from their waters many a stream we trace,

That 'scap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks between.

Hence flows the *Reuss* to seek her wedded love,

And, with the *Rhine*, Germanic climes explore;

Her streams I mark'd, and saw her wildly move

Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,

For steep on steep in rude confusion rose;

At length I paus'd above a fertile plain

That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,

Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread;

Embow'ring trees the peaceful village screen,

And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

Sweet vale, whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,

Let me a while thy friendly shelter share!

Emblem of life; where some bright hours are found

Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

Deiv'd through the rock, the secret passage bends;

And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled sight;

Beneath the pendent bridge the stream descends

Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along

The path that marks the terrors of our way—

'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,

The torrent pours, and breathes its glittering spray.

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Weary at length, serenest scenes we hail—  
More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy  
meads;  
The neat, though wooden hamlets, deck the vale,  
And Altorf's spires recall heroic deeds.

But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,  
My fancy long each image shall retain—  
The flock returning to its welcome home—  
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shows,  
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;  
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,  
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!  
Where *Tell* directed the avenging dart,  
With well-strung arm, that first preserv'd his  
child,  
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embow'd in wood,  
Behold another hallow'd chapel stand,  
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,  
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

There liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,  
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;  
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,  
By social order form'd, by law restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,  
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the  
way;  
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,  
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell *Helvetia*! from whose lofty breast  
Proud *Alps* arise, and copious rivers flow;  
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,  
And peaceful Science gilds the plains below.

Often thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,  
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek—  
There Nature's hand her boldest work displays,  
Here, bliss domestic beams on ev'ry cheek.

Hope of my life! dear *Children* of my heart!  
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,  
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,  
And more—oh transport!—reach its home  
and you.

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